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Mr. Howe, it will be noticed, has a good sense of composition, the group of yearlings having been distributed with skill, and while each one remains individual yet the herd forms a single mass; there is variety of action and even a touch of personality in its several component parts. He has caught the rapid gait and semi-wild movement of young bulls and cows at the age when they have lost that confidence in men the calf shows and have not yet attained to the sedateness and fearless gait of the adult.

Mr. Howe is indeed an Ohio man who has traveled far and won prizes for his pictures in many lands. "My Day at Home" is in the National Gallery, Washington and there are few public galleries without one of his pictures. The National

Academy of Design made him Associate in 1894 and Academician in 1897, after he had taken medals at New Orleans, Philadelphia, Boston, and London; also at Chicago and Atlanta. A medal of third-class was decreed him in the Salon of 1888, and the silver medal at the exposition, Paris in 1889. France made him Officier d'Académie in 1896 and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1899. So, abroad as well as at home, this genial and able painter has received medals of gold, silver and bronze and all the honors, pretty much, that can be showered on an artist. One of his chief haunts is Old Lyme, Connecticut where he finds about him the majestic trees and beautiful pasture lands that appear so often in his paintings.

A LOSS TO OUR PAINTERS

THE passing away of William Macbeth in New York means a definite loss to American painters and sculptors of figurines, for it means that the man is gone who did more than any other to bring the work of large groups of artists before the public. William Macbeth has been an introducer of our artists to buyers for many decades—and that is as much as to say, he passed the better part of his life playing a very difficult rôle—considering the touchiness of many artists and the unreasonable character of many buyers. He had to persuade the buyer, out for a bargain, that it is absolutely necessary to give money enough to cover the cost of frame, canvas and paints, leaving the time of the painter entirely out; and it was necessary for him to convince the latter, that, whatever may be the prices paid for Homers, Martins, Innesses and others, he, the painter, is not in their class and can not hope to be—unless he should be willing to die or retire to a sanatorium! It was between these two camps of producers and consumers that William Macbeth plied as Mercury with never-failing candor, cleverness and good-will.

New York was his field of endeavor.

At first with Frederick Keppel in the shop near Union Square where Keppel sold etchings and engravings and kept live ravens as a hobby on the

side, and later in his own galleries near the Public Library, Macbeth had occasion to meet all kinds of people beside the local painters and figurine makers, and to all he offered the same alert, cheerful, canny Scottish visage he brought with him as a boy from his home in the north of Ireland, for he belonged to the stock that did so much to people the colonies before the Revolution and settle that conflict when it came.

Mr. Macbeth did a useful work in making the younger painters known by the exhibitions held in his galleries and the comments printed in the little Art Notes he published from time to time. He was very open to argument and took the risk of accepting, showing and praising pictures whose standing is far from assured. The new thing is not of necessity the good thing and the work of art that makes a sensation is not always the one heard from later; but a dealer in art-works ought to be liberal and ready to give newcomers their chance, no matter if his steady customers do not follow his lead, nay, even decry his efforts to convince them that such geese are swans.

The artists have lost an appreciator and furtherer and New York an excellent citizen; many acquaintances and friends will carry about with them regret for William Macbeth, a man of winning personality and sterling character.

POETS SUPPLY PEGASUSES, OF COURSE

NOT to be behindhand in good works that mitigate a little the ferociousness of war by land and sea, the writers of verse whether fettered by rhyme and rhythm or freed of all control have come to the aid of Italy. It is for Italy, the land of Vergil and Dante, Tasso and d'Annunzio that the versifiers have harnessed Pegasus to the ambulance and poured the "juice" not of the grape into merci-

ful motors. Mr. R. U. Johnson, secretary of the movement, announces that the fund of the poets has reached the point where twenty motor-ambulances are going forward to Italy under the sign of Apollo. Any one who wishes to provide an ambulance (\$2000) or any part of ambulance for the Italian armies should communicate with Mr. Johnson at No. 70 Fifth Avenue, Manhattan.

